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There was no disputing such evidence as this. The sale of the pills went on merrily, and at nightfall the crowd poured back to Ballintubber, well laden with Dr. Briccone's medicines, and leaving a good deal of their loose cash behind them. For though the doctor had come among them from motives of pure benevolence, yet it appeared that all his plans tended very much to the filling of his own pockets. And, indeed, he owned that the chinking of the money in his purse was quite essential to the efficacy of his medicines. Dan Kelly was among the largest of his purchasers. Pat Callaghan was very much disposed to believe in him too, but he was a more cautious man. He had a long talk with the doctor at the end of his public speech, and he thought he would like to have a talk with Lord Kilmarty too, before making up his mind. So next morning, at the hour that he knew Lord Kilmarty was in the habit of coming out to walk about his farms, Pat steered his way up towards the great house, and sure enough he did not fail of meeting his lordship.

"Good morning, Pat," said he.

"Good morrow kindly, your lordship," said Pat.

"Well, Pat," said he; "I hear you had great doings last night. Were you down on the fair green with the rest?"

"Why, then," said Pat, "if that was not the very thing that I wanted to have a talk with your lordship about, and to know what your lordship's opinion was; for I was there sure enough; and I think I never heard a finer spoken man than this new doctor that's come here; and he made it clear to me that he was the only man that could cure myself and all my family of whatever sicknesses we had; but still I thought it better not to deal with him until I heard what your lordship would say about him."

"Well, Pat," said Lord Kilmarty, "I'd like to hear how he made this clear to you."

"Why, my lord, you know neither Dr. Brady, nor Dr. Farrell, nor Mr. Jones, can say that they are always certain of being right in the medicines they order; and when they meet a strange case they are often in doubt, and, perhaps, they don't agree with each other; but this doctor says that he is never in doubt, and that his medicines never fail, and that his agents never disagree with each other, but sell the same pills all the world over."

Lord Kilmarty smiled, and said—"Why, I thought, Pat, you were too sensible a man to trust to any man just because he gave himself a good character. Is it common sense of you to think that he must be a better doctor than your old friend, Mr. Jones, just because he talks bigger and brags louder, and will not own that he may happen sometimes to make a mistake?"

"But, my lord," said Pat, "if this is not the real infallible doctor that never makes a mistake, who else can it be? for I never heard of any one else but himself that claimed to be the man."

"Why," said Lord Kilmarty, "what makes you think that any doctor is infallible?"

"That is what he showed us, my lord," said Pat; "that the Lord would never have sent medicines into the world, without providing some one who could tell us where to find them; and that he would not leave our health and our lives depending on guess-work, and on doctors that were not certain how to make a right cure."

"Pat," said Lord Kilmarty, "do you see the eagle's nest in the cliff above there? I wish you would spread your wings and fly up there, and bring down the young birds."

Pat did not open his wings, but he opened his eyes instead.

"Because," continued Lord Kilmarty, "wings must be a very useful thing to have; and I am sure you must have got a pair; for do you think that the Almighty would give wings to crows, and sparrows, and tom-tits, and not give a pair to you, that they would be of so much more use to?"

"I take you now, my lord," said Pat; "but, with submission, the case is very different. For though wings would be very pleasant to have, still we can do very well without them; but one's health is a matter of so much importance to us, and it is such ruin to a poor man to be laid upon a bed of sickness, that I think it stands to reason that if God was merciful enough to provide a way for us to get well, he would not fail, also, to give us a certainty of finding it out."

"I am quite sure of this," said Lord Kilmarty, "that it would be a very pleasant thing never to be sick, or else to be quite sure of getting well again at once, if one did ever get sick; but I fear this would be too much happiness for this world. What I meant, talking to you about wings, was, to show you that we had no right to conclude that God has given us such and such things, merely because we think they would be very useful to us. We have no right to set up ourselves as God's judges, or to dictate to him how he ought to have made us, or to imagine that he must have dealt with us in the manner we could wish as the most desirable. If we had such a certain way of recovering from sickness as you speak of, perhaps we should be careless about avoiding sickness, and taking proper care of our healths. And if we were to indulge our conjectures, we

should have fancied there would be no such thing as sickness in the world at all."

"Well, my lord," said Pat, scratching his head, "I don't know what to say again' your lordship; but I find it hard to get out of my head, but when God sent us medicines he would be sure to send us also an infallible doctor, to tell us with certainty what the right medicines are."

"Perhaps," said Lord Kilmarty, "you may be able to get this into your head, that you might also say, that if God had given us an infallible doctor, he would also have given us a way of knowing, with certainty, who the real infallible doctor was—some better way of knowing than merely to see who bragged most. For you must know that though Dr. Briccone does sell a great many of his pills, there are a great many more people, and those very sensible men, who don't believe in him at all, and say that he is no more infallible than you or I; and, so far from that, that his pills are very unwholesome. I grant you, that if he could prove that he performed those miraculous cures he prints in his handbills, then we might have some reason for trusting him; but his own friends only laugh at these stories, and you see he is very cautious about pledging himself to them. So I may ask you what's the use of God's sending an infallible doctor into the world, when he does not give us an infallible way of finding him out? And," continued Lord Kilmarty, "as you are guessing what it is likely God would do, I will guess this, that if he did send us an infallible doctor, the man so favoured with wisdom would not be a profligate and abandoned character. Now, I know something of this Dr. Briccone's history, and I can tell you that his life, at times, has been so loose and immoral that I would be ashamed to tell you the particulars of it."

"I think, my lord," said Pat, "you must have heard these stories from some of the doctor's enemies."

"Enemies!" said Lord Kilmarty, taking a newspaper from his pocket, "not at all. See here this advertisement from Mr. Baron, one of the doctor's agents, who puffs off his pills as well as any man alive; and look here, he confesses that, some years ago (ay, when the doctor was a middle-aged man), he was a monster of iniquity! To be sure, he has reformed his life somewhat now; but at the time I am speaking of he sold his infallible pills, and Mr. Baron says they had just as much virtue as now."

"Well, but," said Pat, "after all, is it not safer for me to take the doctor's pills? for he has made me afraid of being poisoned by Mr. Jones, and I don't hear that Mr. Jones says as much harm of him."

"Yes, you sensible man," said Lord Kilmarty. "Surely, it is safe to trust to the man that brags the loudest of himself, and says the most harm of his rivals. But as for the safety of these pills, I wish you would get me a few of them, and I will have them analyzed by a good chemist, and then I will tell you whether they are harmless or not."

"I can't do that, my lord," said Pat; "for the doctor says that his pills must be swallowed without examination; and that it would ruin their virtue if any one was to try to find out what is in them. And he will not give them to any one who does not promise to use them without attempting to examine what they are."

"That looks very suspicious, my friend Pat," said Lord Kilmarty; "I think if he knew there was no harm in them he would not have such an objection to their being examined."

"Well, I might think so, my lord," said Pat, "only for this:—You see he has seven thousand agents in different parts of Europe, and I can't think that they would all agree in selling the same pills unless they knew that they had none but wholesome ingredients."

"But," said Lord Kilmarty, "you have just told me the very thing that makes this agreement of his agents a fact of no value at all. Your doctor made the most of the differences between the regular physicians, and yet you know that it is only in very difficult and uncommon cases that they have any doubts or differences. In all the common sicknesses that may happen to you, you will find they all follow the same method. Now, this is an agreement which will give you some confidence. When Dr. Brady and Dr. Farrell tell you that Mr. Jones is treating you quite right, you have good reason to think that he is; for you know that they are judging for themselves; they are not in league with Mr. Jones, and, perhaps, they might be well pleased enough if they could show that he was going wrong. So when you find all the regular physicians agree, you have good reason for thinking them in the right. But now, when Dr. Briccone's 7,000 agents all agree in selling the same sealed packages of pills, which they must not examine for themselves, and cannot even tell what is in them, they have no better warrant for the pills being good than that they heard Dr. Briccone say so; and their agreement does not make you a bit more sure of their virtue than you were when you heard him praise them yourself."

Pat had a good deal more conversation with Lord Kilmarty, and the end of it was, that he determined on sticking to Mr. Jones, in spite of all Dr. Briccone's big words. But for all that, Dr. Briccone drove a very good trade at Ballintubber. I cannot say that he had

much success in curing any of the diseases I ever heard of before; but he frightened the wits out of the people by telling them of a new and dreadful disease that would come upon them shortly. He described so vividly the pains this disease would cause them, the violent purgings, and the hot burnings, which he swore would equal the torments of hell, that the people, and especially the women, were half mad with fright, and came in crowds to purchase his remedies against this dreadful disease. These remedies principally consisted of pills, which Mr. Jones asserted were only bread, but which Dr. Briccone was positive were quite another thing.

He had other remedies, indeed, but they were very nauseous and disagreeable. He praised very much those people who would take them. But to those who disliked them (what struck me as very funny) he sold licences to do without taking them: and he promised that by merely looking at a pill-box, or by seeing a man take a pill, they should get as much benefit as if they had taken so many bottles of his medicine. For you must know that Dr. Briccone asserted, that those who took more of his medicine than their health required did not injure their stomachs by it, as you might imagine, but, on the contrary, laid in a stock of extra health, which he had the power of selling to his other customers. I suppose these remedies must have had great virtue, for I never heard of any one suffering from this new disease. However, they paid Dr. Briccone very well, and he has a shop open in Ballintubber for the sale of them to this day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to apologize to Mr. Power for postponing his letter till our next. Want of space obliges us also to postpone several other valued communications. If our correspondents would recollect the limited space of our columns, when forwarding letters or articles, it would prevent much embarrassment and disappointment.

We beg to thank J. D., J. F. G., Rev. J. H. S., and Rev. J. W. for their obliging suggestions.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville-st.

No anonymous letter can be attended to. Whatever is sent for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for his good faith.

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The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, OCTOBER, 1852.

DURING the last month our thoughts have dwelt continually on the subject of our last article in this part of our paper. A people, the most ancient, perhaps, now in Europe, journeying by HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS across a mighty ocean, to seek new homes in the far west wilderness of a new world—like for the distance of the journey, and the multitude of travellers, this vast movement stands unparalleled in the history of mankind.

And of us who remain, who has not sent some loved one of their hearts and homes to join that mighty band of exiles on the homeless sea and distant shore? Who has not seen or felt the partings, when the aged parent has blessed his long and much-loved child on setting out upon that long journey that anticipates the solemn separation of the grave? Which of us has not sought himself, or seen those round him seek, the long-wished-for letter that brings some little tidings of those we shall see no more on earth, but by taking ourselves the long, long journey that they have taken? Who has not witnessed the wasting grief of those who seek for months and years the never-coming letter, until the despairing conviction comes, that those whom we have loved we shall hear of no more on earth, till the sea shall give up its dead?

Such are the trials, deep and great, of a whole nation on its journey to a distant world. Such

must be the consequences to individuals, of the mighty movements of a people.

But along with this, we see a mightier movement still. As if it were not enough for a nation to leave its ancient land and cross the world, there must be a movement as great in the very mind and soul of the nation; as if it were not enough to abandon its ancient home unless it should abandon the religion of its fathers too. The proof of the fact we gave in our last number, from the Rev. Mr. Mullen, Roman Catholic curate of Clonmellon, who thus states the result of his inquiries on the spot—"THE FAITH HAS DIED OUT IN MILLIONS." God forbid that we should trifle with such a fact, much less triumph over it. It is a solemn and a fearful fact. If the mind swells with deep emotion at the thoughts of a nation without a home, struggling across the ocean and the wilderness, how much more awful and solemn is the thought, that in religion, too, that nation is wandering more hopelessly, without an aim, and without a guide! And is it anything short of this to say—"The faith has died out in millions"?

We dare not trifle with such a fact. We dare not use it for a political purpose, as Mr. Mullen has done. We dare not use it to triumph over a church whose people have thus wandered. One thought, and one only, fills our minds in contemplating facts so great and so terrible, and that thought is, how the wandering of the Irish people in religion may be ended, so that in their pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, their souls at least may be at rest.

That fearful fact which Mr. Mullen has disclosed, is proof that there has been something wrong with the Irish people. We anxiously avoid drawing any conclusion from it that is not strictly just. Were we to treat this fact in any party or sectarian spirit, we should be unworthy to propose a remedy. We have no right to say that this great falling off of the Irish people is any proof that their religion is false. Peoples and nations have forsaken true as well as false religions. But we are bound to say, that there has been something wrong. If their religion was true, then these people were not properly taught and grounded in it. That, at least, is a conclusion we must come to. And this conclusion is confirmed by the positive testimony of an American missionary priest, who has spent twelve years among the emigrants. That testimony, too, we gave in our last number, as we found it in the *Tablet* newspaper—"It is owing, with scarcely an exception, to the want of religious instruction in which these unfortunate people were literally raised." We trust and know that this was not so with all. But we fear it was true of a vast number. The truth must be told. With a vast number, while in Ireland, the priest was their religion: they left their religion to him, and he was content to let them do so. For the religion of the heart and soul, they had not learned it; and he had not taught it to them. The priest had been himself their religion; and when left without a priest, they were without a religion; and so "the faith died out." Such a religion as this will ever fail in the time of trial. But if these men had had their religion in their hearts—if they had been taught to understand and to believe for themselves, their faith would not have failed in the day of trial, and the storms and troubles of this world would have strengthened and established it the more.

Who has not seen the self-denial and self-devotion of the very poorest of our people, in providing the necessities for those who go? Who has not seen them strip themselves to absolute destitution, to provide sea-stores for a son, or a brother, or a sister, who was about to go? And can we be indifferent to provide the bread of life, which alone can sustain their spiritual life, for those who go?

It was while we were continually revolving such thoughts in our minds, and thinking what

that sea-store should be, that would keep their faith from "dying out" upon their voyage, that we happened to take up the sermons of St. Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople, that great preacher of the Catholic Church. We knew how he has spoken of the storms and the troubles of our pilgrimage on earth, and how he shows where to look for strength and comfort. We know that he preached *fourteen hundred and fifty years* ago, and that he would give us no modern disputes or cavils. And we read thus:—

"What saith he? *Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly*—that is, the teaching, the doctrines, the exhortation, wherein he says that the present life is nothing, nor yet its good things; for if we consider this, we shall yield to no hardship whatever. *Let it dwell in you, he saith, richly*—not simply dwell, but with great abundance. Hearken ye, as many as are worldly, and have the charge of wife and children. Now, to you, too, he commits especially the reading of the Scriptures, and that not to be done lightly, nor in any sort of way, but with much earnestness. . . . He said not simply, let the word of Christ be in you; but what? *Dwell in you, and richly, in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another.* . . . And tarry not for another to teach thee, for thou hast the Scriptures of God. *NO MAN CAN TEACH THEE AS THEY: for he, indeed, often concealeth much for vain glory's sake and envy.* Hearken, I entreat you, all ye that are careful for this life, and procure books that will be medicine for the soul. If ye will not any other, yet get you at least the *New Testament*, the Acts of the Apostles, the Gospels, for your constant teachers. If grief befall thee, dive into them as into a chest of medicines; take thence comfort of thy trouble, be it loss, or death, or bereavement of relations; or rather dive not into them merely, but take them wholly to thee; keep them in thy mind. *This is the cause of all evils*, the not knowing the Scriptures. We go into the battle without arms, and how should we come off safe? Well contented should we be if we can be safe with them, let alone without them." (Homily 9, on Coss. ch. 3, vs. 16, 17.)

We here ask every Christian man to consider this. If every Irish emigrant had followed this advice, would the faith have "died out in millions?" Has it not been thus, with a great multitude of emigrants, that they went into that most trying battle of life, emigration to a foreign land, *without these arms*, and so their faith "died out?"

But here we find some comfort in thinking of many of our countrymen. We know that multitudes of them had heard of the Scriptures here, and did take these arms with them. Many have gone for this very purpose, that they might freely read the Word of God. It is likely that they may have cast off many a superstition, and many a doctrine which they cannot find in Scripture; but may we not hope that they have found the medicine of their souls? Father Mullen says nothing of these. He may have counted them heretics, or he may have thought this just as bad, or worse, than if the faith had died out in them: but would St. Chrysostom, or can any Christian man think so?

This, then, is our advice to emigrants and the friends of emigrants; yet not our advice, but St. Chrysostom's. Emigrants, get yourselves Bibles, or at least the New Testament. Emigrants' friends, provide them with this store of medicines for the soul. Let not the faith die out in them, in the long, weary wandering that lies before them. Ask the priest for the book; if that failed, try the parson.

Oh, what a comfort, in the long, long weary days at sea, when nothing but the watery waste and cloudy sky appear, to learn to call on Him, and trust in Him, who, for our hope and comfort, has passed through every scene of trial we can know, has walked upon the troubled water, and bid the stormy waves be still, that in the tempest's loudest roar his people's cry should ever be—"We perish; save us, Lord!"

INDULGENCES.

We have postponed, for some time, responding to the letter of the Rev. Edward Spring upon this subject, in the hope that the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross, would have relieved us from the necessity of doing so, by publishing an authoritative explanation

of the matters inquired after by Mr. Spring. As, however, we are informed that Dr. Keane has not noticed the Rev. Mr. Spring's letter, we shall endeavour to state, fully and fairly, the Roman Catholic doctrines upon this subject, with a view to eliciting a fair discussion and inquiry into their truth or error. The universal jubilee granted by the present Pope, in his encyclical letter, dated 21st November, 1851, renders the subject, at the present time, of more than usual interest to every sincere and candid inquirer after religious truth. "To convey a true idea of what is meant by the Church of Rome by the grant of an *indulgence*, it will be necessary," says Dr. Bouvier, Bishop of Mans, in his work upon the subject (which has gone through six editions, the last published in 1836), "to have a clear idea of the punishment due for sin. After the guilt and eternal punishment due for sin have been remitted, by repentance and the sufferings of Christ, there still remains a debt of *temporal* punishment due to God's justice, on account of the sin, which debt must be expiated either here or hereafter. This is laid down as an article of faith, in express terms, by the Council of Trent (Sess. 14, Can. 12), and it was on this principle that the ancient Penitential Canons were founded, imposing a penance of three, seven, ten, fifteen, or twenty years' fasting on bread and water, privations, and humiliations, to continue during a man's whole life, and *all this for one sin!* And it was never thought that such penances, or atonements, ever exceeded the measure of God's justice." Not, be it remarked, in regard to the *guilt* or *eternal* punishment due to it, both of which are admitted to be already remitted, by God's mercy, through Christ's death, on repentance or penance of the sinner, but entirely in respect of the debt of *temporal* punishment supposed to be still unexpiated, either by Christ's sufferings or the penitence of the offender. Penances of this kind, as they were imposed and enforced by the church, so of course they could be remitted and relaxed by the church; and the relaxation of such penances is called an *indulgence*, plenary or partial, as the pardon of a condemned criminal may be complete or a mere commutation of his sentence, by remitting a portion of it. This power of the church to remit sentences of penances enjoined by the Penitential Canons *in this life*, and which really existed and could be actually enforced against the offender, was assumed as extending to the next life also." The same writer, whom we have already quoted, thus lays it down, p. 12:—"Every indulgence presupposes sin; so that if a person had committed no sin he should have no need of an indulgence; and whereas, after the guilt and eternal punishment, which have been remitted by the sacrament of penance, there remains, in general, a temporal punishment, which sinners should suffer either in this life or in the next, to satisfy the Almighty and to expiate their sins, an indulgence remits part of this punishment or atonement; and indulgences do not only remit part of the temporal punishment, which the sinner should suffer in this life, but also abridge the punishment in purgatory, when a person has not entirely atoned for his sins."

We have also before us a work printed by Richard Grace and Son, 45, Capel-street, Dublin, entitled "Indulgences Granted by Sovereign Pontiffs to the Faithful, collected by a Member of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences in Rome, translated into English with permission of Superiors," in which the definition of an indulgence is thus given, page v.—"An indulgence is the remission of the temporal punishment which generally remains due to sins already forgiven in the sacrament of penance, as to the guilt and eternal punishment. This remission is made by the application of the merits and satisfactions which are contained in the treasures of the church. These treasures are the accumulations of the spiritual goods, arising from the infinite merits and satisfaction of Jesus Christ, with the superabundant merits and satisfactions of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of the holy martyrs, and of the other saints, which ultimately derive their efficacy from the merits and satisfactions of Christ, who is the only mediator of redemption. These CELESTIAL TREASURES, as they are called by the Council of Trent, are committed, by the Divine bounty, to the dispensation of the church, the sacred spouse of Christ, and are the ground and matter of indulgences. They are infinite in reference to the merits of Christ, and cannot, therefore, be ever exhausted."

We believe no Roman Catholic writer will object to the foregoing statements of the nature and objects of indulgences; and our readers will at once perceive that we are not about to charge their church with the presumption (not unfrequently attributed to it by Protestants who have not carefully examined the subject) of granting to any one a licence to commit sin with impunity, by forgiving, by anticipation, sins not yet committed. An indulgence is never supposed, by any well-informed Roman Catholic, to forgive sin at all, but only to remit the punishment—the temporal, or, rather, the temporary punishment of the sin, as contradistinguished from the eternal punishment—the punishment of hell.

Indulgences, says the same Dr. Bouvier (*Abridgment*,

* See the *Abridgment* of Bishop Bouvier's work, entitled "A Dogmatical and Practical Treatise on Indulgences, for the use of the Clergy and Laity. By a Parish Priest; page 3. Printed by John Coyne, 24, Cook-street, Dublin, 1839.